

2Pac Lyrics

"Got My Mind Made Up"

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

[Daz Dillinger:]

You find an MC like me who's strong
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Khan though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm all those
Who can withstand the more power I gain
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star
Finally realizin' who the fuck we are
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin', faded
Would it be the greatest MC of all time when I created rhyme
For the simple fact, when I attack, I crush your pride
My intention to ride, every time on lye
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced what I'ma ride
Breakin' in gas with the '68 all day
In-and-out with my pay, I'm soon to count the bodies

[2Pac:]

So mandatory my elevation, my lyrics like orientation
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facin'
We must be patient, nothin' better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations
Sorry I left that ass waitin'
No more procrastination, give up to fate and get that ass shakin'
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic
Don't take your life for granted
Put that ass in the dirt, you swear the bitch was planted
My lyrics motivate the planet
It's similar to Rhythm Nation, but thugged out, forgive me, Janet
Who's in control, I'm activatin' your souls
You know the way the games get controlled
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote
Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat

[Method Man:]

I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night

[Kurupt:]

Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophylactics
For protection so my fuckin' sac won't collapse
Cause nowadays, shit's evadin' the X-rays

Sendin' young motherfuckers to an early grave
I wonder if my terrifyin' tactics of torturin' MC's
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electrifyin' like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch
I'm an, MC with lyrics that's the fuckin' Bombay
You got ten steps before instant death like Bai Mei
My rhymes'll leave a mark on your mind
As the deadly virus spread through your head like Sand Palm
There's no escape, nah, I ain't blatin'
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin'
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain
Laughter enhances the chances of the killin'
Why is that? Cause smilin' faces deceive
You best believe: to MC's, I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe
Your whole camp's under siege and I'm Jason Voorhees
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mics
My verbal snipe your vocabs on site
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall
You already have an idea about the superior sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

[Method Man:]

Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks, I makes manoeuvres
Like Hitler, stickin' up Jews with German Lugers
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this message, don't touch the dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellan
Half of my Clan's repeat felons
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel
Man, I stay on point like icicles
Now who wanna test Tical, then touch Tical
All up in your motherfuckin' mouth
Headbanger boogie, catch me on tour with Al Doogie
Method Man rolled too tight, you can't pull me
Better take one and pass or that's that ass
Your vital statistics are low and fallin' fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

[Redman:]

Lyrical gats spittin' the criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement
Taste this mad underground basement shit I'm laced with
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm spliffed
Funk Doctor who, Spock, bitch, don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express

To get the fresh package of bless the dogs can't fetch
Got the clear spot from the rear block
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men I fear not
Hold your nose and blow out 'til your ears pop
Since your crew suit you to shift, now you claim that your gears locked
Whiff this underground cannabis
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst
Flip MC's like ki's
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's
Lick off a shot and hit your fam by mistake
So I erase the whole front row at the wake
I planned my escape in case Jake wann' snake bust it
I'm the one pushin' the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky-ass folks
Pump for Rockafeller for the day he got smoked
Choke off this antidote, got you ope
Get roast by my lyrical Billy Dee .45 Colt
And I'm out for 9-nickel

*[*in the background*]*

[INS the rebel]

Thanks to grillo_stylee, David for correcting these lyrics.

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